

will never notice that each recipe he gives you always remains in the exact spot on the bulletin board where he tacks it up, or that the measuring spoons, measuring cups, scales and sifters haven't moved once in all the time that he's been there).

When the guy from the soap company says, "Use only three tablespoons of soap for each pot sink," you say, "OK," and when he leaves, pick up the barrel container of powdered soap and dump the amount that you feel you'll need into the sink.

When the guy from the soap company asks you if you understand how to take the chemical analysis of the sanitation sink, using the chemical analysis kit, and how to record it in the log book, you say, "Yeah," and when he leaves, write down "15."

In the kitchen where I work, if the boss asks, "What are you smiling about?" you don't say anything; you just shake your head and keep on smiling.

#### BLANK SCREENS

There's this story about a group of aborigines who, upon first encountering a television, responded by not seeing the figures that moved across its screen. Apparently, TV shows were so far outside the aborigines realm of experience that their minds wouldn't translate them.

God protects the innocent.

Anyway, I believe this story to be true. I, one time, told a group of girls that there are four colors in a man's rainbow: brown, red, yellow, and blue (blue and green often go together; black and white don't count). Mauve? Plum? Peach? Mustard? Rust? Turquoise? Fit them into one of the above slots. We don't see them.

Then I told the girls about the way a man does laundry. First, "the sniff test." (They looked perplexed.) If the sniff test fails, and a man is forced to do laundry, he breaks it up into two piles: things he has to hang up and things he doesn't have to hang up. Two loads and you're done.

14 vacant eyes stared at me.  
I've never felt more alone.